



Dream Weaver



dream

adventure

fantasy

30 0 2

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Icy blasts from every direction. "Shield!" fireballs from every corner. "Water sword" How did I get myself here, in this place where nightmares are considered dreams come true? Yesterday morning.....

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEEEEP! Ugh. Monday. I go to **the** famous hillbilly high school named tooth-buck high out in the middle of nowhere. In this high school, your enemies are considered friends and friends... well... let's not get into that... anyway I have to meet up with Will, the best (and the worst) guy friend a girl could ever dream of. Now I know what you're thinking... blonde hair, blue eyes, gorgeous tan, tall, athletic popular... **NOT** Will, is mainly the opposite of what anyone would call dreamy...tallish, brown-eyed blonde (ok. So you got that part right), nerd, **NOT POPULAR** (unless being known by everyone in the chess club counts). Now you're probably asking... so what do you look like? What's your name? What are you like? Here it goes. I am Jazmine White. I am fifteen and turning sixteen today. I am normal height, lean, broad shoulders, tall, brownish blackish hair, hazel eyes (no one knows the color! Not even me! So. Annoying!) I'm a band geek too and I am (but I play the flute so it's all good) not popular by any means. So now you're probably thinking, "what does this have to do with the place where

nightmares are considered dreams?" Well, I love to hear your answer...

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Class is going on as normal. I don't know how to feel about how dreams show the deepest emotions. I don't know how to feel about how dreams show the deepest emotions. I don't know how to feel about how dreams show the deepest emotions.

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“The waves are rolling onto the sand with a perfect sunset in the background... I’m just walking along the shore when suddenly this boy appears... now don’t get me wrong, this guy is hot! It turns out that he is something called a dream weaver, someone who protects people from the evil that lurks behind every dream... he has come to warn me that nightmares will soon become a reality and that if I want to stop he-who-shall-never-be-named, that I have to join him and the other dream weavers..... Wait I’m waking up but he... is trying... to tell. Me....”

“Jazmine. JAZMINE!” I came back to reality with a startling smack on my desk because of a ruler that belonged to Mr. K.

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